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pipe;—but, when played slow, it is an elegant flowing melody.—The “Heroes of Cymru,” which appeared in No. 14 of the CAMBRO-BRITON, page 89, was adapted to this Air, and sung at the Wrexham *Eisteddfod*. There are some beautiful variations to *Meillionen* by the late Mr. Parry.

“Mael Symms.”—This Air is given in two ways:—it is in the style of *Gorddinam*, and very little known, I believe; at least I never recollect to have heard it played.

I have now noticed the whole of the tunes contained in my “Old Book.”—In my next I shall commence with those Airs, which I intend to introduce in my “Second Volume of Welsh Melodies with English Words.” I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Newman Street, Feb. 12, 1821.

JOHN PARRY.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. X.

WELSH PROSODY.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Observing some strictures, in the CAMBRO-BRITON for this month*, upon the Welsh system of versification, as established about the middle of the fourteenth century, I was much surprised at an account, in the introduction to the Nibelungen Romances, the Mabinogion of the Teutonic Nations, page 17, exactly describing a similar system, commencing at the same period; and I presume, Mr. Editor, on considering the following extract, you will agree with me, that the coincidence is highly curious:—

“A system of the most singular kind gradually overspread the whole country” of Germany, “blasting every exertion of genius, and banishing all the playful and wild products of imagination.—Poetry became severe study, and was almost confined to the horde of mechanics, who measured lines by the yard, constituted guilds, with masters, treasurers, and other officers, and in their metrical court passed judgment upon any member who did not conform to their established rules and regulations. Versifiers (for poets there were none, or but a very inconsiderable number amongst them,) had to pass through the degrees of apprentice and journeyman, before they received the envied title of master.”

* See No. 17, p. 207-8.—ED.

The account farther says,—“ This endured for nearly three and half centuries from about the middle of the fourteenth century.”

Jan. 9th, 1821.

HANESAL.

The readers of the CAMBRO-BRITON will feel indebted to the writer, who has communicated the following Legend, which, however curious in itself, acquires an additional interest from its resemblance in one particular with a similar tradition current in Scotland, wherein certain beasts, brought from a lake, as in this tale, play much the same part as is here described. The Meddygon Myddvai, or Physicians of Myddvai, whose history is connected with this Legend, lived in the commencement of the thirteenth century, and their descendants are said to have practised at Myddvai within the last century. A MS. treatise of their “ Practice,” written about the year 1300, is preserved in the Welsh School; and the Red Book of Hergest contains a copy under the title of *Llyvyr y Meddyginiaethau*. There is, likewise, a fragment of the work in the Hengwrt Library, as well as other imperfect copies in different parts of Wales. Mr. Lewis Morris relates, that the last of this medical family, who lived in his time, was above his profession, and gave up the practice. This was about sixty years ago.

* *

THE LEGEND OF MEDDYGON MYDDVAI.

“ Meddyg nis gwnai modd y gwnaeth
Myddfai, o chai ddyn meddfaith.”—*Dafydd ab Gwilym*.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A man, who lived in the farm house, called Esgair-llaethdy, in the Parish of Myddavi, in Carmarthenshire, having bought some lambs in a neighbouring fair, led them to graze near *Llyn y Van Vach* on the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited the lambs, three most beautiful female figures presented themselves to him from the lake and often made excursions on the boundaries of it. For some time he pursued and endeavoured to catch them, but always failed; for the enchanting nymphs ran before him, and, when they had reached the lake, they tauntingly exclaimed,—

Cras dy fara

Anhawdd ein dala,

which, with a little circumlocution, means, “for thee, who eatest baked bread, it is difficult to catch us.”